THE EXAMINER.

No. 317. SUNDAY, AUGUST 21, 1814.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. SWIFT.

No. 383.

NORWAY.

The appearance of some curious Official Documents has confirmed what was stated in our last Number respecting the ineffectual discussion of certain preliminary points between the King of NORWAY and the Allied Commissioners. We find indeed, that a sort of loop-hole was still left for it's revival; and the Commissioners, who had taken leave for Sweden, are said to have commenced their return to Christiana on the 26th of July, in order to make another effort at conciliation; but in the mean time hostilities began on that very day; and if once Norwegian blood be drawn, we suspect that the sight of it will not induce the natives, as the CROWN PRINCE imagines it will, to throw themselves and their families at his feet. His Royal Highness published his first Order of the Day on the 27th, informing us that the Swedish fleet, without the loss of a single man, had put to flight the Norwegian, and taken possession of the Hvalve Islands, "positions of the highest importance for the opening of the campaign," and such, he appears to think, as will help to persuade the people of Norway of the "impossibility of farther resistance," and of the speedy termination of this "foolish plan" for preventing their union with Sweden. We are not prepared to say of how much importance the capture may be. We should fancy however, that the Norwegians, who are so resolute to go on with the contest in general, would not have relinquished the post without striking a blow, had it been of much consequence; and a correspondent, we observe, in the *Morning Chronicle*, who writes with the air of a person acquainted with Northern matters, speaks of the whole affair with derision, reducing the important position to an insignificant and neglected place, and the retreat of the Norwegians to a movement, not of a fleet which had come to fight, but of vessels stationed to watch the advance of the enemy. Bulletins, it will be remembered, have got a bad name, of late years; nor will it be forgotten, that the CROWN PRINCE comes of a school, in which they have been carried to their most venturous pitch. Be this as it may, the great contest will take place on land,—on the ground, where the Norwegian will feel his foot planted on his native soil, with his threshold, as it were, behind him, and his hated invaders before; and as to talking of "foolish plans" and the "impossibility of farther resistance," it is nothing but so much additional proof to us of the real ignorance of this man, who confounds all times and places, and sees no difference between a worn-out state, that may be bullied into alarm, and a hardy people, whom insult can only exasperate.

But we cannot take leave of these documents without noticing the light in which they put the new King, and which, we confess, is not altogether such as we could have wished. We have not our papers at hand to refer to; but we believe we have already mentioned, that if there was any thing that might give rise to unpleasant doubts in the conduct of the Norwegian Authorities, it was the peculiar situation of this Prince, who, from his connexion with the Danish throne, might certainly render them liable to a suspicion of acting from Danish views. We said at the same time that in order to do away any objection of this kind, which might be urged by the hostile party, and which in fact has been so, the only way left him was to return his Crown into the hands of the representatives, and leave the nation, as it were, entirely to itself. Now, in his communications with the Allied Commissioners, his Majesty at length undertook to do so, and for this we are far from having any quarrel with him;—it was the only means of doing away a suspicion, of which the enemy was making use; and it was one of these acknowledgments with regard to the people, which it is always desirable to see made by the sovereign power. But what we cannot so well understand, is his having undertaken in compliance with the suggestion of the Commissioners,—not merely to lay before the Norwegians the dangers attending a resistance (for as a prudent counsellor it was his business to shew them this side of the question as well as the other) but to shew them what are termed "the advantages of an union with Sweden," and even "to employ all his influence in persuading the people to agree to it." This sort of compliance appears to us unaccountable, and is at all events a very poor compliment in return for the Crown which the people gave him. If these advantages exist, was not his Majesty aware of them before? Or is it danger alone that has opened his eyes to the comforts of them? We would not wish to hurt the feelings of any person, or persons, connected with an excellent cause; and all that CHRISTIAN FREDERICK had hitherto done appeared only calculated to raise our esteem; but really, judging from this last conduct of his, and knowing what we do of his character from nothing but what he has done in Norway, we should not conclude he was a very strong-minded person. If he thought that nations were to elect their own kings and atchieve their own liberties without danger and toil, he was egregiously mistaken.

The reader will observe, at the same time, that whatever might be the single, solitary suspicion arising from the part originally taken by this Prince, we consider it as having nothing to do with the right of the Norwegian people to chuse their own masters and live in their own

way. Even if their old Court had deceived them, and was really playing a double game for it's own future interest,—even this makes no difference with regard to *them*; *they* had still the full right to renounce the imposition of Swedish authority; the knavish conduct of one Court, however obnoxious and perplexing to another, would have given the latter no fresh claim over millions of men, who chose to decline it's connexion. All that we lament is, that CHRISTIAN FREDERICK had not confined his promise to the laying down for the present the kingly authority, in order to do away unpleasant suspicions. His determination to resume his part in the contest, should the Norwegians not be influenced by his reasoning, is no set off in our minds against his promising to go so far in that attempt. If he foresaw that they would yield, the determination goes for nothing but a bravado; if otherwise, the promise is only an insidious manœuvre, and a gratuitous compromise with his reputation.

We now regret that the Norwegians had not been entirely left to themselves in the first instance, and had not been so pushed as to set the Crown on some native head, which could never have spoken or thought in this manner. But we repeat, that this solitary drawback on the state of their Government, makes no difference with regard to their own right of choice, or to the insolent and unprincipled pretensions of the Court of Sweden; and if there is any thing else that we lament in the conduct of CHRISTIAN FREDERICK, it is his consenting to adopt the monstrous language of the Allied Commissioners, and to talk of "*Europe*" as having declared against Norway. The opposition which the *decision of Europe* has met there,"—say the Commissioners;—"Now that *all Europe* has declared against Norway," says King CHRISTIAN. Of what does this decision of Europe consist? Of engagements between five Princes, one of whom is notoriously known to differ with his subjects, another is the party that commits the outrage, and the three others are despotic sovereigns, who on such occasions do not consult their people at all! Five Princes to speak the opinion of all Europe! We trust also that they include all it's wisdom, and speak all it's languages.

The use of these general terms would be the more offensive, if there were not reason to believe that *some*, at least, of the Masters of these Commissioners, would not themselves have used them. We would particularly instance as one, the Emperor ALEXANDER, who must be more and more chagrined, we should guess, at the proceedings of the unprincipled neighbour with whom he has hampered himself. Granting even that all the Princes in question spoke the language of their respective nations, are there no nations in Europe but Great Britain, Sweden, Russia, Austria, and Prussia? What becomes of France, Spain, Turkey, the German free towns, Holland, Italy, *Poland*? We trust that this will be remembered at the approaching Congress, or it will be no Congress, no European Senate, but a meeting of Dictators. The affectation of considering all Europe as comprised in the few moving Powers, who may have the immediate upper hand, and some of whom may be infinitely inferior to the uncomputed ones in the genius of their people and the natural resources of their country, is a very ridiculous one; and the great popular feeling, which has just been doing so much for Europe, will do well not to lose sight of it. It is a bad imitation of the late dictatorial power of France, than which nothing was more galling to these very powers.

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EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER FROM PARIS, DATED JUNE 6, 1814.

—French girls ran along the pier, and seizing the ropes thrown to them, dragged us into the harbour. Dieppe, to an eye for picturesque beauty, has a fine old Gothic appearance; the rooms are lofty and spacious; and the first proofs of a milder climate were all classes seated without doors, working and knitting in the evening warmth. The next morning we set off for Rouen, and, on ascending a hill behind Dieppe, got a beautiful view of the town and sea, rising in misty calm, still sleeping beneath the morning sun, which, though hid by fleecy clouds, spread a veil of shining whiteness, that glittered with a gauzy sparkle. As it was market-day, the peasantry were crowding in, dressed in rich and coloured variety,—white sleeves, with black bracelets of the deepest dye, rich crimson petticoats and high silvery caps, struck us at every step; they have an old and rather overworked appearance, but something extremely sweet in their manners, and fascinating in their answers. The whole country was open, and, for leagues, rye, barley, and corn, waved over its surface like an ocean: the road was wide, and lined with apple trees; the soil seemed to require little cultivation. Cotton manufactories, beautifully and neatly built, gleamed whitely through the trees; and every thing on the rout to Rouen displayed inexhaustible and endless abundance. The entrance to this venerable old city was through an avenue of lofty trees, which gave a solemn air to it; and after rattling through, we put up for the night at an hotel; but now began to appear the inconsistency of this inconsistent people; and soon were we doomed to awake from our dream of golden fertility and luxuriance. Our room was a complete specimen of their character for splendid filth,—elegant satin sofas and a greasy floor,—beautiful curtains and a dirty bed,—a marble chimney-piece, with two cupids holding golden candelebras over a rich pendule,—and underneath a hearth full of wooden ashes, pale and heartless, never cleaned, and never intended to be. The landlady made her appearance with filthy hands and a lace cap; and down stairs, close to the kitchen, was the dung of six horses, the accumulation of months.—Rouen is well worth investigation. At the "Place aux Vaux" was the Statue of the Maid of Orleans, where she was burnt. On the pedestal were still visible "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," but nearly obliterated by the dripping rain. In the hall for trials, were more specimens of revolutionary cant and sentiment; and N. N. N. covered the sides of a small committee-room, on blue velvet. "You ought to take this out," said I, "now you have dethroned him." "Every man does as he likes," said our Cicerone, "in his own house," with evident touchiness.—They have a public library, and a wretched collection of French pictures, which is saved from absolute contempt by

a good copy from a delightful Raphael. We then went to hear service in their massy and eternal Cathedral, built by the English. Our faculties were really overwhelmed by the ceremonies of their impressive religion; the tingling of the bell, when they believe the actual presence, seemed to go to their souls; down they all dropped, and remained rooted and awed till it was over. As we walked along, we saw many in private sacristies, totally abstracted in devotion, and, in conjunction with their deep rich dresses, darkly illumined by the religious light from the magnificent and massy windows, filled our minds with grand sensations, and spread over our souls a feeling of vast and melancholy sublimity: yet, after kneeling all the morning at the Cathedral, and praying and singing hymns, so as to affect us heretics, that we were thoughtful the whole day, they spent the evening like a perfect Bartlemy Fair; the quay was covered with booths, Merry Andrews, and monkeys; the men all chattering, and women coquetting, with their delicious black eyes and tripping gaiety of walk; and so infectious was their fun, that we soon forgot our seriousness, and rushed away to the Theatre as well as they. It was a comedy of Beaumarchais. The acting was very admirable, and gave us a very high idea of French comic ability.—About a mile from Rouen is a high hill, from which you have a very extensive view of the city and river: the country looked without trees; and indeed in all France, on this side Paris, the trees are poor and scanty. We pushed on and slept that night at Magny; here were 900 Poles, very martial fellows. During a walk in the neighbouring meadows we heard a violin, and entering a garden, found a party of youths and their mistresses dancing cotillions, with all the liveliness and grace that belongs to them, in a balmy air, cool and refreshing. From Magny to Pontoise, where we breakfasted the next morning, the country was studded with vineyards and cherry-trees, close to the roads. Pontoise is delightfully situated, and every thing about it looked mild, calm, and sunny. At an inn opposite to where we remained was a squadron of Russian cuirassiers. I went over among them, and, I can assure you, finer or stronger men I never saw. A few rode off on some business. Their dress was noble; their bodies were enveloped in brass; and as they pranced and galloped, it glittered like sun beams. I went into their stables; they could not talk French nor I Russe, but the word "Anglois" was instantly understood, and repeated by all with a sort of joyful stare. Many who were dozing in the sun, covered with straw or their cloaks, raised their heads as if they were still dreaming, and muttered "Anglois," trying to be pleased, and yet weighed down in their perceptions by the stupor of sleep. They took down their arms and accoutrements, turned about their horses in different motions, and seemed really enchanted. Every one that entered was shewn the "Anglois;" and when a sort of corporal came by and scolded them, as I thought, for admitting a stranger, I suspect they told him my country, for in a moment he was as much pleased as themselves. When I went away, they held their hands out, which I shook heartily.—We were now evidently approaching a great city, by the numerous dirty cabriolets and smutty equipages; but still nothing marked it like the approach to London. Round London, in every direction, are scattered villages and straggling houses, neat, secure, and fearless; but here, our road passed *by* them and not *through* them, and those that we saw had a deserted and forlorn appearance: here and there was an old chateau, but as dirty as old; and as the exquisite interesting dress of the Normans began to wear away, the road to me was endless and melancholy. We passed St. Denis (the chateau was a ruin), and directly afterwards entered the field of battle. It is an immense plain, bounded by Mont-Martre and Chaumont; but to an unexperienced eye, nothing marked it as a field of battle but a few trees cut by shot. After driving through it at our leisure, we entered Paris by one of the most dreadful entrances on this side the infernal regions. As English, we were saluted as we passed in by a fellow in a red night cap, one of those revolutionary villains that one sees in their prints of that time, with the most polite abuse. The associations that crowded into our minds on entering this city, celebrated for its recent battles and revolutions, for its murders and its despotism, were endless and intense: hardly a word was spoken,—each man was wrapped up in his own recollections,—and each visibly shaken by them: I can assure you, each cheek was flushed, and each body trembled.

We passed under the grand gate, built by Louis XIV., which is imposing, but the bas-reliefs in a wretched taste. The first impression from Paris,—on one accustomed to the regularity of London,—is that of inextricable confusion and a comfortless misery: streets narrow, houses high, no pavement,—horses, carriages, and carts,—men, women, and children,—Turks, Jews, Christians, Cossacks, Prussians and Russians,—all mingled together, without comfort, without system, in dirt and in gaiety, hot, fatigued, and in haste. After pushing our way through this chaos dire, we drove to an hotel, glittering in gold and embalmed in grease; and putting ourselves in decent order, and brushing off the dust of our journey, sallied forth to see as much as we could that night.—Paris at this moment is full of interest; at every step are excited a thousand associations,—mighty palaces and mighty temples begun by Bonaparte, and left unfinished—"naked subjects to the weeping winds,"—monuments of a glory passed!—Churches remarkable for revolutionary murders, and bridges for revolutionary fury!—streets for one thing and buildings for another, that you are affected at every step; but every where does a look of despotism press on your mind. What are their gaiety and their gilding—their merry Andrews and their monkeys?—nothing but futile efforts to forget their degradation and the despotism of their Kings. This is the feeling to any one of common thought. Their streets are filthy and inconvenient for the *people*, but *yet* the square of the Thuilleries is 1500 feet! Every where is there a look of gilded slavery and splendid melancholy, a tripping gaiety in the people, a ragged blackguardism in the streets, and polished fierceness in the manners, that separates Paris from the world.—Throughout France at present there is certainly a feeling of mortified vanity in the people, and melancholy irritability in the soldiers, if the campaign be mentioned. By the side of Austrians, the Prussians, the Cossacks, and the Russians, they have a look of ruined desolation and withered glory. Their pride has been deeply wounded; nor will they rest till they can, by some success, regain their own estimation. They made a dreadful mistake in attacking the Russians, who are really the finest troops in Paris: they truly are a race of giants: their superiority is striking in the streets, and every body turns round as they pass. I saw a Cossack chief ride up the Rue St. Honore, with his pike, one of the grandest fellows among them. The Imperial guard were lounging about the Thuilleries with the finest air I ever saw. The French

affect a great regard for the Russians, but cannot speak of the Austrians without execration. On the road the character of Frenchmen was apparent,—active, temperate, and restless: the masters of the hotels were up by three and four, superintending and directing: they seemed to require little sleep, and were incessantly in motion: every thing they did or said or thought, displayed the same industrious rapidity. But, alas, their unconquerable vanity, which has already sapped every moral principle, and will be ultimately their ruin as a nation, peeped out at every pore. At the first impulse they felt gratitude to Marmont, and blessed Alexander for not burning their city. Now the danger is over, they swear Marmont betrayed them, and that the Russians were afraid. In England, two and two make four, and all the nation is so fully convinced by their sturdy reason of the truth of such a conclusion, that nothing on earth could induce them to affirm or suppose the contrary: but in France, two and two will make four as long only as its conclusion interferes not with their national vanity. If it ever does interfere in any way, or if it ever be necessary for the honour of the Great Nation to deny it, all France, with one voice, would argue till they were rooted to their seats against the result; and no revelation from Heaven would induce them to acknowledge their illusion. Dread and hatred of England perpetually broke forth, in spite of their suavity of manner and habitual politeness. An old Priest, after expressing how much he was charmed at England and France being again *friends*, hoped, with a whine and a bend and an insinuating smile, that England had not been *much* injured in the contest. An entertaining young man at one of the inns led me by the button hole into a corner, and, with the most polite address and most profound look, said, "Now, what could *you* have done had the Emperor succeeded in Moscow?"—But the most furious proof of their feeling towards England was at the Theatre Français during *Hamlet*, where the *King* says,—

"Laissons à l'Angleterre et son deuil et ses pleurs.
"L'Angleterre en forfaits trop souvent fut feconde."

The pit rose with enthusiasm and shouted "Bravo, bravo, bravo!" A gentleman said something from the boxes in favour of us, which the pit again interrupted by "A bas les Anglois." "A bas, a bas." This was nothing but the mouthing of a beaten boy, who lies on the ground from experience of his adversary's strength.—At every step do you meet with effects of the gigantic wars that have desolated Europe: there is scarcely a waiter at a coffee-house, a driver of a fiacre, or a man in middle life, that has not served as a soldier, passed a campaign, or been wounded in battle. In my way to Rambouillet, I took up a fine youth, delicate and slender, who had been wounded, taken by the Cossacks, and sent into Paris to find his way, naked and bleeding: he said, if it had not been for Madame La Duchesse, Ney's Lady, he must have died; she had got him and many others, who were lying wounded in the streets, accommodations and food; and now that his wound was nearly well, had written to his mother of his safety, had obtained his discharge, which he had in a tin case, and had given him 40 francs for his expences to his home. He left Chartres, his native town, about four months before, with sixty youths like himself, and he was the only one alive. He said, with extreme simplicity, if the Emperor had reigned much longer, "he would have murdered all the men, for they made war upon animals." In coming [illegible] took up a man who had served in Spain, and the coachman himself had lost three of his fingers at the battle of Hohenlinden. The contradictory state of the people's mind is certainly strange: they are undoubtedly averse to Bonaparte as an Emperor, and yet glory in his victories: they will tell you stories of his genius, and execrate his government in the same breath. Talk of him as a conqueror, they fire with enthusiasm; speak of him as a King, there is no expressing their shrink. I have heard even officers of the army, who were full of irritability, acknowledge he was not adapted to reign. The King's Exposé had a great effect,—many, within my own circle, were lowered in tone, though not convinced, with respect to reconquering Europe, of which, when I first came, they were talking, thoroughly ignorant of all their losses, with confidence and ease. But Belgium they still affirmed must and should be theirs in two years.—The French have certainly a look of more martial impudence than the English: indeed no young man is educated, till a bloody campaign has infused its influence; they all seem used to war, and speak of it as a thing of course. If I asked any man about this battle or that, they always answered me as if I had inquired about their breakfast. They are all certainly a century behind us in moral feeling and knowledge of right: they put up with the greatest miseries and oppressions, as "La sorte de la guerre:" they feel as if they were born to them as they are born to their climate: they consider them a part of their existence as any other natural defect; they have no notion they can be got rid of,—nor, in my conscience, do I believe they care whether they can or not. Such is the spontaneous luxuriance of their climate and soil, that any injury can soon be remedied and soon forgotten; and such the habitual frivolity of their minds, that if their climate was against them, their spirit would support them; and they would as soon become habituated to want, as they are now reconciled to change.

Many wish that they had been made to suffer a little more acutely the miseries of war: but it is better that they have been spared, because their vain ingratitude and unprincipled restlessness will become more apparent. Not a hundred years, perhaps, will pass, before the great Nations of Europe will be again obliged, for their own existence, more effectually to crush them. They are so habituated to murders and to blood, that a pun or a joke usually follows a relation. In the "Jardins des Plantes," a gentleman dropped a five franc piece into the bear's yard: the next morning early, an old veteran stole down to get it,—the bear rushed out before he could get up, killed and eat him. In England, the bear would have been shot, and subscriptions raised for his family. They made a caricature in France, and all the world asks you, with a joke, if you have seen the bear that eat the veteran! Beyond the Pont-neuf, close to the Seine, I saw, as I passed a small house, women and children playing battledore and shuttlecock. From curiosity I went in, and, to my horror, within a sort of glass partition, in the same room, were three dead bodies, found in the river, lying on their backs, till they were owned, green and nearly putrid. At every interval of their game, the women and children came over and peeped, and having satisfied their curiosity, returned to recommence it! But all this is done in such a sweet manner, that residence would perhaps reconcile one. The lowest servant will take your hat, or your boots, as if you did her a favour by permitting her. Nothing strikes a foreigner more strongly than the sweetness of address in nearly all classes:—a little beggar boy pestered a friend for a sous; he told him roughly to get

along; the boy made a low bow, and said, "I will take another opportunity."—The women of middle life are active and industrious wives and tender mothers: the manners of those in polished society, playful, musical, enchanting; but in beauty of feature and dignity of form, in fidelity of heart and unaffected simplicity, in useful knowledge and modesty of demeanour, our own are far, far beyond them. All that martial politeness in the soldier, of which we have read so much, is nearly gone: twenty years robbery and murder, tyranny and despotism, have given the soldiers and officers a look of disciplined lawlessness and pallid depravity, that makes one shudder. Nothing struck me so forcibly as the simplicity and honesty of the English, when I again returned at Dover. An old man, with the kindness of a father, cautioned me not to lean near a machine, by which they were landing horses, or I should get squeezed as flat as *a cake*. From continually hearing the French talk of horror and murders, with a bloody politeness and a ferocious elegance, a chuckling sneer and a witty indifference, I looked at him with wonder, at being so interested, and making so much of my being squeezed to death! But then in England your connections and family ties are always associated,—the agony of your mother and the tears of your sister,—the sympathies of your children and the distraction of your wife,—their wants and their sufferings,—your unhappy fate and their miserable distress,—appear to an honest Englishman's heart as sources of pain and causes of interest. In France, no one ought to have been astonished if they had suffered me first to be squeezed as flat *as a cake*, and then punned on my being so.—Yet, after all, such is the intoxicating gaiety of French manners—such the liveliness of French amusements—such the fascination and sweetness of French society—so easy is admission to all their collections, libraries, and curiosities—that though every man enters Paris with disgust, no man ever quitted it with disappointment.

E. S.

(*Excursions in the Neighbourhood of Paris, next week.*)

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Aug. 12.—Madame Letitia Bonaparte left Rome for Elba on the 27th of July.—An article from Augsburg states, that the Congress of Vienna will assign Treves, and a part of the territory of that principality, to Eugene Beauharnois.

Aug. 13.—Messrs. Falconnet and Dard, advocates, and Gueffier and Lenormant, booksellers, the first, author of a letter to Louis XVIII. "on the Sale of National Property," and the second author of a work entitled, "of the Restitution of the Property of Emigrants," were yesterday morning all four conducted to the prison of La Force, on an order of arrest issued by M. Dufour, a Magistrate: Messrs. Falconnet and Dard charged with having by printed publications "excited the people to take arms against each other, and with an attempt the object of which was to produce a civil war." Gueffier and Lenormant, the booksellers, are charged with having aided and abetted them therein; being offences specified in the 91st and 92d Arts. of the Penal Code.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

Sitting of the 11th Aug.—The Abbe Montesquiou this day addressed the Chamber in defence of the plan of law which had been submitted to them. Speaking of the Press in England, he observed,—"The English Constitution is a kind of phenomenon in its results. It is the strongest Government in the world; and yet it is a composition which chance only seems to have put together, for the mind of man never could have conceived it. The Parliament exercises an over-ruling authority, before which every one must be silent, and every thing gives way. This power is exercised by the majority: it is this majority which gives the law—it seizes upon all places, and engrosses all power.—What strength can be greater than that which holds all, which wishes to keep all, which escapes from all reponsibility, because it is always this majority which makes the law, the accusation, and the sentence, and which finally executes it? It is necessary to give to the people a kind of compensation against such an energy of authority—against a Government so vigorous, which, if not pressed upon by another force, would no doubt end by destroying itself. I admit that the morality of those who compose this power, and who are worthy to command such a nation, is a perfect model for integrity; and what has a Government so powerful to fear from this boasted Liberty of the Press? Pamphlets are neutralized—responsibility escapes from their vain declamations. They have no power whatever against the strength of the Government: they serve to amuse the public: this is all.—England maintains the Liberty of the Press by means which we know not how to imitate. The prisoner there lives and dies in prison, abandoned by all. You ought not, Gentlemen, to envy such manners. Here the prisoner is an object of interest: he receives the visits and the consolations of friendship: in France liberty is more moderate, and our manners are gentler. Let us leave the English those means which our national character repels. In that country, the laws repressive of defamation are supported by terrible means. Libel is punished by sentences which ruin individuals, which cause them to die in prison; for offenders are often subjected to fines beyond all proportion to their fortunes. In France the Judges are more mild; they sometimes look to the accused alone; they consider the deplorable situation of his family."—M. Montesquiou concluded, by conceding, on the part of the King, certain amendments, to the effect that no censure should apply to a work exceeding 20 sheets, and that the law should cease to operate at the end of the Session 1816. He then asked if the Deputies wished the law to declare that their opinions should not be subject to any censure? The Members with one voice answered in the negative, considering this as unnecessary.

M. Raynouard, the Reporter from the Central Committee, was heard at great length in reply. He discanted on the mischiefs which the censorship would produce. Place that crime, said he, in the hands of Ministers, and public opinion will be perverted; your institutions, your conduct will be accused and condemned; you will be reduced to a stupid silence.—Why, he asked, should not political contests be decided by equal arms? But when he spoke of equal arms, it was allowing too much; for would not Ministers always have the most ample means of addressing public opinion? would not they have their journals and their writers? They would always find Addisons and Steeles to avenge the Government, if it was unjustly attacked. They would even find writers enough to vindicate and extol their errors. By means of their *Official Journal* can they not even at present attack the opinions which displease or thwart them? Let them enjoy this privilege, provided they allow to Frenchmen the Liberty of the Press.—He concluded with conjuring the Chamber to reject the law.

The Abbe Montesquiou again rose, and after making some further remarks, a loud cry of question! question! burst from all parts of the Hall. Several Members endeavoured to speak, but could not obtain a hearing.—The President then stated the nature of the question. The form of voting was this: every Member, as his name was called over by one of the Secretaries, answered in his place, and came up to the table, where he deposited in an urn two of the balls, white or black, which he had received from the Secretary. The ball which he did not use he placed in another urn appropriated for that purpose. This operation being terminated, two of the Secretaries emptied the urn for votes, and publicly separated the white

balls from the black, and summed them both up. The number of balls thrown into the other urn was then verified.—It finally appeared that of 217 voters, the proposed law had obtained 137 white balls against 80 black ones. This result being communicated to the President, he delivered, in the name of the Chamber, the following declaration: "*The Chamber adopts the law.*"

NETHERLANDS.

ANTWERP, AUG. 11.—His Excellency the Duke of Wellington arrived here yesterday: he was not immediately known, as he was in plain clothes, but when discovered very much cheered, especially by the British. His Grace very cheerfully shook hands with several English Ladies, who were anxious to approach him. This morning he visited the Dock-yard and Citadel, and about one o'clock set out for Brussels.

GERMANY.

VIENNA, AUG. 1.—We are assured that our Court has at length consented to unite to the kingdom of Prussia the two Lusatias, and that part of Saxony situated on the right bank of the Elbe. These provinces have been coveted by Prussia, ever since Silesia was ceded to Frederick the Great, *as they furnish a very desirable rounding*; but the jealousy which has always existed between Austria and Prussia did not hitherto permit this latter power to realize the project. At present the relations between the two Courts are so changed, that our Court has, it is said, consented to the cession; but on the condition that the King of Saxony shall be replaced on his throne, and that after his death, the succession of his kingdom shall be guaranteed to Prince Anthony, his brother, the Emperor's uncle, for whom the Cabinet of Vienna has a lively interest. It is to be inferred that Russia and Prussia have desisted from their previous project in favour of the Duke of Saxe Weimar.—Count Karaczay has arrived here from Aix, in Savoy. He has brought the Emperor news concerning the health of the Archduchess Maria Louisa. That Princess receives benefit from the waters, which she takes under the direction of Dr. Corvisart. Her Imperial Highness sees nobody. She will return to Vienna about the 15th Sept. by way of Berne and Constance. Our Gazette of the 28th of July contains the following article:—

"According to accounts from the island of Elba, the Emperor Napoleon continues to enjoy good health, and to exhibit every sign of content. He resides at Porto Ferrajo, in a small house, till the palace which he is building outside the town shall be finished. A great number of strangers, and particularly of English, put into the island, and come to see the Emperor. He continues to lead a very active life, employed alternately in his Cabinet, or inspecting the different public works which he has ordered to be erected. He expends considerable sums on these works, and has invited the most celebrated artists from different parts of Italy for the execution of them."

FRANKFORT, AUG. 6.—We have here strange reports from Italy. King Joachim, it is stated, is reconciled to Napoleon, and there resort to the latter many adventurers from Piedmont and other parts of Italy, but particularly from Corsica to Elba, as he seems to be in no want of money. On the other hand, Napoleon is said to be intriguing in France, by the aid of money, and to seek to excite discontent among certain classes of people. These we repeat as reports which cannot be warranted as true, and which perhaps have little foundation.

ITALY.

CONI, (PIEDMONT,) AUG. 2.—Numerous bands of robbers, formed of individuals of all the nations that have inundated Italy, during the late wars, infests the mountains of the Stura and the Doire, where they commit all imaginable excesses. They are become sufficiently numerous to disturb the public tranquillity; but the Government is about to adopt effectual measures against them. Their numbers are estimated at 3,700, disciplined and regimented, under the orders of well known Chiefs. The vallies of Pignerol are the different points of their movements.—A distinct association has taken possession of all the coast from Nice to Naples; this last appears to have regular statutes and rules, enforced by a very severe discipline. It is on the plan of the gangs that levy contribution on the highways in England! and has insurance offices, where tickets of exemption and security are issued, on paying a slight contribution.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

ASSIZES.

GUILDFORD, AUG. 16.—POWLES *v.* LE MERCIER.—Mr. Serjeant BEST stated that this was an action in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages against the defendant for the seduction of his wife. Unfortunately these causes had been of late years so frequent in our Courts of Justice, that every argument had become threadbare, and he should therefore abstain from wasting time, by commenting on the nature and serious quality of the injury. He should content himself with stating to the Jury the parties and circumstances of the case. The plaintiff, Mr. Powles, was a respectable London merchant, residing at Kennington, next door to the defendant. The latter was a dancing-master, but one of the most extensive practice, and possessing a great deal of money. At least he exhibited all the external marks of wealth, for he kept a splendid house and table, and glittered away in a showy equipage. But although they were next door neighbours, the parties did not visit for some time. The plaintiff was absent, during the greater part of the day, on his business in London; and it was on one day during his absence that Mrs. Le Mercier first visited at the house of the plaintiff. When he returned home at night he found his wife full of the praises of their neighbour, and from thence a communication of visiting commenced between the families. At this time the plaintiff and his wife were very young. He had been married but six years, and had three children. At the time of the marriage he was barely twenty-one years old, and his wife not above eighteen. During the last summer one of the children was ill, and, for the benefit of the air, a lodging was taken at Richmond; and while Mrs. Le Mercier herself was in a state far advanced in pregnancy, the defendant took the opportunity of carrying on his work of seduction, and in which he too soon unfortunately succeeded; for in the month of June last Mrs. Powles left her lodging, and he should prove that Mr. Le Mercier and herself passed several days together at the Spring-garden Coffee-house, where they cohabited as man and wife. This was the case he had to present to them, and for which the plaintiff sought to recover a compensation in damages.

Mrs. Hannah Jones was aunt to the plaintiff. She stated that they were acquainted together about four years before they married. Mrs. Powles was then not quite 18, and Mr. Powles not 21. The lady was of a good family, and reputed very handsome. They had now three children, and hitherto appeared to have lived in harmony and mutual affection.

Colonel Fleming, of Wandsworth, was in the habit of visiting the plaintiff, and he apparently lived on affectionate terms with his wife.

Thomas Williams, a cousin of the family, gave the same evidence.

John Dandy, waiter at the Spring-garden Coffee-house, and

Mary Boulter, chamber-maid at the same place, proved that the defendant and Mrs. Powles came there in June last. They occupied the same bed-room, and were supposed to be man and wife.

Mr. GURNEY addressed the Jury for the defendant. He contended that there was no seductive acts proved, but that they were left in the dark as to all those parts of the case upon which the Jury were to found their estimate of damages. He warned them not to suppose that the defendant was a wealthy man, merely because he kept a carriage—for the carriage of a dancing-master was like the carriage of an apothecary, a mere tool of his trade; and he warned the Jury not to let their feelings supersede their judgment, but that they would give moderate and temperate damages.

Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 1000*l.*

HOLT *v.* FORTY.—This was an action for an assault. It was brought by the ostler at the Castle at Richmond, against his master, the keeper of the house.—The facts of the case, as proved by the other servants, were, that at a public dinner, Mr. Forty being displeased because the ostler was not as ready as he thought he should have been, began to use a little manual force with him. His son joined in the affray, and the ostler, as they described, was violently beaten, having received from Mr. Forty several blows on the head, which a medical man said he was apprehensive would have produced inflammation on the brain.—For the defendant, several Gentlemen of the dinner party were called, and they said the ostler appeared to be riotous and drunk, but they could not speak to the beginning of the transaction.—Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 30*l.*—There was a second action, for giving the plaintiff in charge of the constable, in which the Jury found a verdict, with 5*l.* damages.

NORWICH.—*Viscount Clermont* was indicted for an assault, with intent to commit a rape. The indictment had been removed by *certiorari* from the Sessions in the Court of King's Bench, and was tried by a Special Jury, on Thursday the 11th instant. The story of the prosecutrix, Susan Lumley, a girl of 16, and which was attempted to be supported by the testimony of her mother, was inconsistent, and their evidence contradictory: none of Lord Clermont's witnesses were examined. The Jury acquitted the defendant.

At the Leicester Assizes, *Samuel Smith*, for bigamy, was *fined one shilling, and imprisoned two years*: *Mary Matlock*, for a like offence, was sentenced *to be imprisoned three months.*

At the Devon Assizes, three sub-contractors, named *Twynam*, *Drake*, and *Hageman*, were found guilty of conspiring to defraud his Majesty, by furnishing bread to the prisoners of war at Dartmoor made up of barley sharps, Indian corn meal, bean meal, &c. instead of bread made of *Meal the entire produce of British or Foreign Wheat*, as specified in the contract. They will receive sentence in the Court of King's Bench next Michaelmas Term.

Saturday week, *William Vincent*, convicted at the late Exeter Assizes of the murder of Thomas Wills, was executed at the New-drop, Exeter. Early in the morning he attempted to destroy himself, by cutting his throat, which he had nearly accomplished. Life, however, was not extinct, and he was carried in his bed to the fatal spot.

On Wednesday week, as Mr. Hassel, jun. of Loughborough, was leading a horse, he fell down, and a cart ran over him, by which he sustained so much injury that he was incapable of walking. He was placed in the same cart to be conveyed home, when the same horse ran away, overturned the cart, and killed Mr. Hassel on the spot, near Houghton.

One day last week, as a horse-breaker was going through Wymondham, Norfolk, with his wife and two children in a cart, drawn by a young horse, the animal took fright, overturned the carriage, and dashed it to pieces, by which accident one of the children was killed on the spot; the other had his hand cut off, and the woman was severely bruised.

One of the most remarkable robberies took place on Thursday se'nnight in the residence of Mr. Tracey, who keeps the tap at the back of the Wellington Tavern at Portsmouth. The robbers are supposed to have entered the house over a wall behind, from the circumstance of there being a ladder against it. They went into a bed-room of Mr. T. where he and his wife were sleeping, took a bunch of keys from a chest of drawers, and from thence a tea caddy, containing about 15*l.* in silver and 35*l.* in Bank-notes, Mrs. Tracey's pockets from under the pillow on which she was sleeping, and two watches from pockets at the head of the bed. The tea-caddy was found in the tap below with the key in it, selected from the bunch before-mentioned, and they also entered a room where some soldiers were sleeping and stole a pair of stockings and 4*s.* 6*d.* in silver. All this they did and went off without alarming any one, or of yet being discovered? Suspicion fell on a sailor, a foreigner, who some time since lodged in the house, who is not to be found.

On Friday week, a coach, running from Nottingham, by way of Melton Mowbray, to Stamford, was overturned near the village of Nether Broughton, and no less than four of the outside passengers had their limbs broken, and several others, though they escaped with whole bones, were most dreadfully lacerated, and unable to proceed on their journey. Of these, five were compelled to remain at the village; two with broken legs, one with a broken arm, and two others most seriously bruised. The rest of the passengers proceeded to Melton Mowbray, where two ladies who resided in that neighbourhood were left; one with a leg broken in two places, and the other much cut and otherwise hurt.

JAMES WEBB, ESQ.—This philanthropic character quitted Swansea on Sunday evening last, after displaying a degree of active benevolence almost incredible. He completely clothed about 250 boys residing in the town and neighbourhood, at an expence of 530*l.* 10*s.* and most of them received likewise small sums of money. To many distressed families and individuals he gave from one to twenty pounds each. He left 50*l.* to be distributed among the poor of Oystermouth; and on Saturday last he went into Gower, where he selected fifty boys, whom he ordered to be clothed, and left 75*l.* for charitable purposes, besides giving himself small sums to distressed objects, whose wretchedness elicited compassion from his feeling heart. To our knowledge, he expended in the short space of twelve days that he resided here no less than *sixteen hundred pounds*, in clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and relieving the necessities of several hundreds of his fellow-creatures!!—Such conduct is superior to all comment.—*Cambrian.*

On Saturday week, on an eminence near Dryburgh Abbey, commonly called the Rock Stone Hill of Newmains, was laid by the Countess of Buchan, the foundation stone of a monument to the memory of the brave Sir William Wallace, of Elderslie, a colossal statue of whom, 21½ feet in height, is now in progress by the hand of John Smith, of Darnick, jun. and is to be erected there, on a suitable pedestal, on the 22d of September next, which is the anniversary of the hero's victory at Stirling Bridge, as well as of the Bard of Ednam. In a glass vessel, properly sealed, was deposited a transcript of George Buchanan's Eulogy of Wallace, in his History of Scotland, (book viii. sect. xxix.) A colossal urn, with an inscription, is proposed to be placed adjoining to the statue, on the summit of the Basaltic Rock, behind which the statue is to be erected.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

At the Court at Carlton-House, the 15th of August, 1814,

Present, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent in Council:

It is ordered by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent in Council, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, that the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Saturday the 27th day of this instant August, be further prorogued to Tuesday the 1st of November next.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

G. Dodd, Vauxhall-place, South Lambeth, surveyor.
I. Parry, Butt-lane, Deptford, potter.

BANKRUPTS.

T. Lewis, Gray's-Inn, scrivener. Attorney, Mr. Waskett, Gray's-Inn.

A. Saunders, sen. A. Saunders, jun. and E. Saunders, Lambeth-road, horse-dealers. Attorney, Mr. Reilly, Clement's-Inn.

E. Hobbins, Louth, innholder. Attorney, Mr. Barber, Gray's-Inn-square.

T. Ring, Bristol, cooper. Attornies, Messrs. Price and Williams, Lincoln's-Inn.

T. Taylor, Watton, Norfolk, hawker. Attorney, Mr. T. Tilbury, Falcon-street.

F. Drake, Plymouth, baker. Attornies, Messrs. Collett, Chancery-lane.

T. Cruse, Norwich, liquor-merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn.

J. Welsford, Kingsland-road, timber-merchant. Attorney, Mr. Willoughby, Clifford's-Inn.

H. Bayly, St. Alban's, corn-chandler. Attorney, Mr. Elkins, Lincoln's-Inn.

J. Lester, Broad-street-buildings, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Lowless and Cross, St. Mildred's-court.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

S. Hemming, Birmingham, baker. Attornies, Messrs. Spurrier and Ingleby, Birmingham.

J. Cheesbrough, Liverpool, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Orred and Barnes, Liverpool.

C. L. Clarke, Enfield, Middlesex, carpenter. Attorney, Mr. Jessopp, Farm-Hill-House, Waltham-Abbey.

S. Lumb, Leeds, auctioneer. Attorney, Mr. Ward, Leeds.

T. and R. Carruthers, Oakshaw-Hill, Cumberland, bacon-factors. Attornies, Messrs. Moorsey and Sisson, Carlisle.

T. Humphreys, Threadneedle-street, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Griffith and Hinde, Liverpool.

J. Gale, Axminster, Devon, linen-draper. Attornies, Messrs. Sweet and Stokes, Basinghall-street.

J. Stapley, Wadhurst, Sussex, farmer. Attornies, Messrs. Blandford and Burfoot, King's Bench Walk, Temple.

H. Silkin, Bush-lane, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Gatty and Haddan, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

J. Bagshaw, Harding's-Booth, Stafford, butter and cheese-factor. Attornies, Messrs. Smith, Longuer, Stafford.

J. Smith, Great Marlow, stone-mason. Attorney, Mr. Nash, Henley-upon-Thames.

W. Serrell, Great Tower-hill, ship and insurance-broker. Attorney, Mr. Bruce, Billiter-square, Fenchurch-street.

T. Lewis, Gray's-inn, scrivener. Attorney, Mr. Waskett, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn.

A. and C. Sheath and J. Dixon, Boston, merchants. Attorney, Mr. Holloway, Boston.

The PARLIAMENTARY CRITICISMS are not, as some seem to imagine, concluded; the HOUSE of LORDS is yet to be reviewed, and the Writer will proceed as hitherto.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Red. .....66¼ | Omnium.....0¾ 1¼ 1 dis.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, AUGUST 21.

THE French Court have carried their object respecting the Liberty of the Press, though with a limitation of the censorship to publications consisting of twenty sheets and under, and to a continuance of two years. This is not what a free and truly politic spirit could desire; but the very discussion of the question has been a good thing, and it is clear that there is a feeling on these matters in France, which is better than has yet been witnessed in that country, and which undoubtedly has it's effect. We had intended this week to make observations at some length on the strange, inconsistent, and in great measure uninformed speech of the Abbe MONTESQUIOU on this subject; but thought it better to delay them, till we could obtain a complete copy of it. We shall then examine it paragraph by paragraph, as we did BERNADOTTE's proclamation, and think we shall be able to prove it, if not so dull and unprincipled, almost as uninstructed and quite as contradictory and exaggerating.

The only other curious piece of news from the French capital, is one of a novel description indeed.—It is a letter from LOUIS XVIII. to the Vicars-General, ordering a revival of the solemn dedication of France to the *Mother of God*, and a procession to take place in honour of it! Both took place accordingly on Monday last. The *Times* professes to omit remarking on the subject, "out of compassion to those who think this age so enlightened." The plea is specious; but we rather imagine that the omission is owing to it's own conscious recollection of having talked so much about the enlightened minds of the BOURBONS. The disgust which is occasioned in France by this attempt at the revival of priestcraft, forms a main topic in the letters of correspondents from Paris; and has even broken out in a manner to be noticed by the French journals themselves, some priests, decorated with the lily, having been publicly insulted by the military. The same paper, —the *Times*,—which deals in whole truths only when they suit it's purposes, and in half-ones on every other occasion, notices the purchase of an estate in the Pays de Vaud by JOSEPH BONAPARTE, for which he gave down in ready money about 25,000*l.*; and observes that "if his Ex-Majesty were tried for a theft, it would be difficult for him to shew how he came by such a sum honestly." We agree with the observation; but perhaps he might chuse to puzzle his questioners by referring them to the CROWN PRINCE of SWEDEN and *his* modes of acquiring substance.

As to the revival of priestcraft, there seems a general bustle in its favour at the Courts of Paris, Rome, and Madrid; but they must do more than even fetter the press before they can effect their purpose to any material extent;—they must efface all the literature of the preceding century; and this there is luckily no chance of their doing, —at least, in France and Italy. The POPE, who always seemed a robust kind of character, is probably more of a politician than a priest; and has already, they say, renewed claims upon former possessions of the Church, not very agreeable to the Court of Austria. He must continue to be a priest however, or he is nobody; and in commemoration of the new order of things he has struck a medal, representing Saint PETER released from prison, with the modest inscription of "Renovatum Prodigium"—*The Miracle renewed*. It is said that he means to revive the Order of JESUS, and thus to set in motion again that shrewd and ambitious body of men, who have been held at different

times to be the greatest proppers and the greatest underminers of the kingly power. There was certainly this useful inconsistency about them, that while they existed upon the strength of absurd doctrines, and did their best to extend them, the means they chose were such, as falling in with the increasing spirit of the times in other respects, helped to further the cause of general knowledge against particular dogmas. We allude to the literary education of youth, for which they have been so famous.—The Court of Madrid proceeds in a less open manner than the others; but the darkness in which it involves itself fully shews what it is about. The beloved FERDINAND and his Ministers have so effectually closed up the channels of communication with other countries, that the most important pieces of intelligence are likely to transpire only through the medium of rumours, unless the condition of things, as we think very likely, should grow too intolerable to last, and suddenly burst upon us. Indeed, the double importance and necessity which have been given in these times to communication between state and state, will hardly allow such a state of things to last. It was reported on Friday, in consequence of letters from Gibraltar, that the Spanish Government had excluded from the ports all French vessels bearing the white flag, and that this strange measure had originated in the sanction given by Louis XVIII. to the claims of the old King, as mentioned in our last. We are prepared, of course, to expect any thing absurd and extravagant from FERDINAND: and perhaps the more ridiculous he now becomes, the better, as it will sooner put an end to the present unnatural state of things in his country. If once he embroil himself with his old friends, it is all over with him.—In the mean time, the best news that has escaped from the Spanish Capital is that of a translation of the *Paradise Lost* by the Canon and Counsellor of State ESCOIQUIZ.—Were MILTON alive however, his surprise at finding himself in a Spanish dress would not be a very agreeable one, if what a very summary critic says of his countryman's work be true,—that it is a convincing proof a man may be a good statesman and an excellent ecclesiastic, without having any talent for poetry. We should like nevertheless to see what the reverend translator has done with one or two awkward passages, such as that in which the poet speaks of the friars,

"Black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery,"

and the noble one that gave so much uneasiness to CHARLES the Second's Licenser, where he describes the sun in a disastrous mist,

——"with fear of change
"Perplexing monarchs."

Now we are upon the mixture of poetry with politics, we may as well notice the honours paid to LUCIEN BONAPARTE by his HOLINESS, who has made him a Roman Prince, and graciously accepted, it is said, the proposed dedication of the poem on CHARLEMAGNE. We cannot help thinking this a falling-off for LUCIEN, who without any titles, and in the apparently philosophical character of his conduct, had already raised himself to an eminence higher than his Imperial Brother. But, on the other hand, it may afford a good moral for those who have no objection to titles, and at the same time would come by them peaceably. LUCIEN, who is understood to have refused crowns, and voluntarily to have become a prisoner with his muse, is at last the most comfortably situated of any of his family, even in a worldly point of view. It is curious at the same time to see how the family, by one means or another, have contrived to keep themselves up, and to secure an important lift in society.

We omitted to notice in our last the mention that has at length been made of NAPOLEON by the *Vienna Gazette*. It represents him as being on horseback all day, riding about and superintending some public works he is erecting, and then, before he goes to bed, as retiring to his closet, where it is supposed he occupies himself in writing memoirs of his life. It adds, that he means to be very candid in his statements, both for and against himself,—an intention, which the Vienna writer thinks may relieve his conscience from a portion of the load it must bear. A subsequent paragraph in the same paper, upon the strength of accounts from the island, describes him as enjoying the best health, exhibiting every sign of content, and being a great object of curiosity to strangers, particularly English. He is living in a small house at Porto-Ferraio till a palace is finished for him, and is also erecting a theatre and other public works, for the execution of which he is said to have invited over the most eminent Italian artists. All this must be good for the Elbese, who will perhaps be the first people he has been among, that will have unmingled reason to like him. Certainly he never appeared to so much advantage, in our mind, as in this courageous bearing-up with his fortune.

Among other people who are struggling for their independence must not be forgotten the South Americans, who, after various changes of good and bad fortune, have at length,—as far at least as Buenos-Ayres and the provinces of the river Plate are concerned, obtained a signal advantage over the emissaries of the old Government,—that Government, which would enjoy liberty itself and deny it to every body else, it's own subjects at home included. The victory was a naval one, and was obtained over the authorities of Monte-Video, who had just before been exceedingly insolent and puffed-up. The reader, as some little set-off to the unnatural purposes for which his country's name is now being abused in other quarters, will be glad to hear that the Commander of the triumphant squadron on this occasion was an Englishman.

Since writing our first article, extracts from private letters have appeared in the daily papers, which state that three of the Allied Commissioners, after a fruitless journey, had returned to Copenhagen, and that the war had burst *forth with great animosity*. The Order of the Day issued by the CROWN PRINCE anticipated as much. It is added, that the Swedes have made themselves masters of the Isle

of Kragerœ, but not without "a severe action, which must have cost many lives." They were also preparing, it is stated, to lay siege to Frederickstadt, and the King of SWEDEN is said to command the fleet in person. Poor old gentleman! he is disturbing his rest, and committing his own honour and that of his countrymen, and all for the sake of a slip from BONAPARTE's stock, which has supplanted his family!—All this news however, it should be remembered, is of no certain description.

The Editor cannot conclude his recollections of the past week without noticing a paragraph that appeared last Sunday at the close of the Parliamentary Criticisms. That an advantage was taken of his present absence from the place of publication will be readily believed, he trusts, by his readers in general, and will undoubtedly be so by many who have favoured him with their correspondence. To complain of it however, in the present instance, would be worse than affectation. Interwoven as some resisting feelings may be with his very nature, those that can look coldly on the approbation of his oldest and most accomplished friends are not among them, and least of all so, at a period of suffering. At the same time, he would not offend the spirit that bestowed it in this instance by any parade of acknowledgment. He felt it most sensibly; he is conscious that his friend must know he did; and this is enough.

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The elder Mr. ROSE, it seems, is gone over to Holland, and some say that he is to negociate a Commercial Treaty between England and that country. If the following picture be a just one, with which we have been favoured by a friend, little good, in the way of trade, is to be expected from the connexion. It is extracted from a genuine letter from Rotterdam:—

"Your ideas of the Dutch are perfectly correct. Distrustful to the highest degree, they will purchase nothing which is not only on the spot, but of which they are not allowed to see every part; and after having pestered you over and over again about a handful of goods, they will, by a stretch of liberality, offer you about three parts of what they know to be the value of them.—To point out to you the unpleasantness of such a mode of dealing is wholly unnecessary: but, in addition to this, the Government have laid such enormous duties on every thing imported, that it is almost impossible, even by selling things at high prices, to gain any thing by the transaction: and, to complete the business, by a late regulation, no one is permitted to effect either sales or purchases unless he has resided in Holland for a year and a day; thus obliging us to pay two per cent. more, for being kept here ten times as long as we need to be, for want of sufficient hands to do what is to be done.—So generous have these ********* been to a people whom they acknowledge to have preserved their very existence as a nation, that they have enforced measures, which even their own merchants declare, if persisted in, will so disgust the English, that they will have no more to do with them; and this too at a moment in which they were making preparations for the reception of an English Princess.—Since I have been here, they have been more than once, by the roaring of cannon, under the apprehension that the French were about to return; and such is their patriotism, that a decree has been issued, by which every native found without an orange-coloured favour is to be fined six guilders. This, I am *told*, had its rise as follows:—The Prince, like all other Sovereign Princes, wishing to maintain his state with proper dignity, imposed a tax upon meat, to the tune of three halfpence in the pound; when these ignorant people, supposing that they were to be free, and have their own Government, without any taxation at all, threw away "Orange Boven," and began to wish the French would come back again."

Paris Papers arrived yesterday.—On the 16th the American Plenipotentiary delivered his credentials to the King.—The ceremony of the procession to Notre-Dame took place on the 15th, in remembrance of LOUIS XIII. After Vespers "the PRINCES and MADAME followed on foot, with pious reserve, the Image of the celestial protectress of France."

The Duke of WELLINGTON arrived at Brussels on the 11th. On the 12th he reviewed the English, Hanoverian, and Belgic troops, in company with the Hereditary Prince of ORANGE.

The English and American Negociators at Ghent, had their first interview on the 7th.

On Monday Lord CASTLEREAGH left town for the Continent. His Lordship, it is supposed, will take Ghent, Brussels, and Paris, in his way to Vienna. In Vienna he will assist at some important conferences previously to the opening of the Congress. Lady CASTLEREAGH accompanies his Lordship.

The Thistle, ship of war, which sailed on the 1st instant from Halifax, has arrived. Ten thousand more troops had reached the St. Lawrence from France; 5,000 of which were at Quebec on the 20th of July, and an equal number were at the mouth of the river on the 27th of that month.

The American privateers are doing vast mischief in every quarter. Some on the coast of Ireland are completing every thing that the Peacock has left undone, in the capture and destruction of our trade.

The militia belonging to the State of New York alone, amounts to upwards of fifty thousand men.

The population of America, in 1810, was calculated to be 8,269,607.

The King of FRANCE, in a letter to the Vicars-General of Paris, on the observation of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, says, that his ancestors, LOUIS XIII. XIV. and XV. had for ever consecrated France to the Mother of GOD, as a special Patroness!

It is said that 72 French Officers have recently sailed from the ports in the Bay of Biscay, to make an offer of themselves to Mr. President MADISON, to serve in the American army. They assumed the characters of supercargoes, clerks, and other civil persons.

"It is with undissembled grief that we stop the press to announce the failure of the firm of Messrs. YOUNG and Co. bankers, of this town. The House continued paying the whole of yesterday. The dreadful sensation excited in this town, by this very lamentable event, is inconceivable."—*Taunton Courier, Aug.* 18.

The number of mutilated objects which have for the last two months constantly presented themselves to the public eye, in their progress to and from Chelsea Hospital, exceeds any thing ever witnessed in this country.

Thursday morning the Stock Exchange was thrown into a state of dismay by the declaration, that a person of some consideration in the City had confessed himself unable or unwilling to pay his differences, to the amount of 45,000*l*. There is something so dishonourable in a man going beyond his means in a gambling transaction, that a defaulter in this way is branded with opprobrium, and excluded from all honourable society. This makes a failure on the Stock Exchange of such consequence, that whenever a man of any connections is caught in speculations beyond his ability to make good, he is generally supported by his friends, if they have the power to rescue him from disgrace, or that he has a character worth preserving. In this instance the individual is a Member of Parliament, has been long an India Director, though he is now out in rotation, and was some time ago appointed by Ministers to a place of high financial responsibility, and of great emolument. Of this situation, we suppose, he will now be deprived; and the moment that he was declared a defaulter, a canvass commenced against his re-election to the India Board. He has left four or five brokers in the lurch.—*Chronicle.*

The Seventy-first Annual Conference of the Methodists, assembled at Bristol, on the 25th ult. Dr. ADAM CLARKE was chosen President; and there were nearly 300 Ministers present. The increase, during the last year, amounts to near 15,000!—12,484 of whom have been added in Britain, and the remainder in the West Indies and Nova Scotia.

The *Chronicle* says, "We understand that two of our most celebrated accoucheurs have visited the mad-woman, *Joanna Southcote*, and they declare that she certainly is in the *eighth* month of her pregnancy. She is sixty-five years of age. The old woman was desirous to give to a Reverend Divine in Cornwall the honour of being the *bridegroom*, but he disclaims the *paternity*."

A lady of rank has, it is said, ordered a font of gold, for the baptism of the expected infant of *Joanna Southcote*. The same lady applied to a shoemaker, to make, without delay, a pair of white satin shoes; they are now finished, having on them embroidered, in silver, the following motto, "*King of Salem, Priest of God.*"

A person, on whose veracity we can rely, assures us that a few days since, some individuals of *Joanna Southcote's* sect at Topsham, sent off a ROBE for the *promised child* of the value of ten guineas.—*Exeter Gazette.*

The prophet BROTHERS, who has been confined as a lunatic for a length of time, is so far recovered as to be allowed the enjoyment of liberty. He expresses much regret that his prophetic writings, the productions of an insane mind, were ever circulated.

The unfortunate Miss WELCHMAN, who was inhumanly murdered in London, is the daughter of a very respectable farmer of Street, near Glastonbury, in this county, and about four years ago was an assistant at Miss COLE's, milliner, of this city, where she was much esteemed for her uniformly good conduct and agreeable manners. The perpetrator of the horrid deed has a brother residing in this city, who has for many years followed his business, as a baker, with the utmost credit and respectability.—*Bath Herald.*

Mrs. *Adlam*, a shopkeeper of Bath, charged with murdering her husband, has been found guilty of *Manslaughter*, at the Somerset Assizes, and is sentenced to six months imprisonment. The story has long been before the Public.

Tuesday, the LORD MAYOR ordered the price of bread to advance one penny in the peck-loaf; the price of the quartern loaf is now 1*s*.

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES has appointed the Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to be her Chamberlain. Mr. CRAVEN left England some time ago, and he is now at Paris. He has received his appointment by a letter, instructing him to repair to Brunswick, there to meet her Royal Highness, and from thence to accompany her to Italy.

It is a question in the circles of fashion, whether her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES will be received at foreign Courts as her rank demands? If she had travelled before the visit of the illustrious Potentates to England, no doubt could be entertained on the subject; but as they were witnesses to her exclusion from Court here, and did not pay their respects to her in consequence of that exclusion, it is supposed that she cannot be publicly received either at Berlin or Vienna.—This and other circumstances lead us to believe that her resolution of going abroad was very sudden, as it certainly would have been desirable for her to have avoided that insult which will bring upon her this embarrassment in her tour. Indeed, it is known, that in the letter written by Lady ANNE LINDSAY, in her name, to the Earl of LIVERPOOL, on Thursday, July 21, it was intimated to the Minister that her Royal Highness, intending to go to the sea-side *for some time*, was determined to go to Cranbourn Lodge the next day to visit her daughter. To this letter Lord LIVERPOOL answered—that Princess CHARLOTTE would have permission to come to Connaught-place on Saturday the 23d, which she accordingly did, and at that interview no hint, we understand, was given of any design to go abroad. Mr. CANNING must therefore have used some very forcible arguments to persuade her to give up all the arrangements she had made for the summer. Now, we understand, Princess CHARLOTTE goes to Worthing.—*Chronicle.*

The avowed purpose of the visit of the Duke DE BERRI to this country, is stated to have been to congratulate the PRINCE REGENT on his birth-day, and to invite his Royal Highness to Paris. His Royal Highness, it is said, was much pleased with the compliment, and was desirous of accepting the invitation, but on consulting his Ministers, it was found that as REGENT, he could not delegate his powers to Lords Justices, or a Council, without a new Act of Parliament. The invitation was therefore politely declined. A report is, however, still in circulation, to which we have before alluded, that beneath the ostensible object of the Duke DE BERRI's visit, another purpose was concealed, namely, to propose some new arrangement regarding the Netherlands, the surrender of Belgium having, it is said, excited considerable dissatisfaction in France. Upon this subject nothing has transpired that can serve to decide upon the truth of the rumour, but from the revival of it in the *Courier* of last night, accompanied by some observations on the unpopularity in France of the surrender of Belgium, after that paper had only recently denied that there was any foundation for such a rumour, there is some reason to believe that this was the secret object of the Duke DE BERRI's mission. If this be actually the case, such a proposition may lead to considerable embarrassment.—*Morning Chronicle.*

BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE.

Above the various brilliant spectacles that have lately been witnessed; we are surprised that nobody has given a public account of one, which is nevertheless allowed by the most tasteful and intelligent persons to have surpassed them all. We do not wish to speak invidiously of those spectacles,—which excepting that they were tiresome, useless, and not characteristic of the nation, are acknowledged, we find, on all hands to have been very attractive. The one we speak of is altogether so perfect, as to need no foil from comparison. That it is the reverse of tiresome is affirmed by numbers who have made a point of seeing it whenever it was exhibited;—of it's utility something may be guessed by the known fact of it's being discernible to an immense extent of country; we ourselves indeed know several credible old ladies, who say that it has often saved them, during a walk home at night, from a stile, a ditch, or an old horse; and this enlightening lustre, joined to it's calm and majestic steadiness, will be reckoned, we think, sufficiently characteristic of our glorious nation. It has struck us occasionally, that the reason why it had not been mentioned by the papers in general, might be from a feeling of good-breeding towards the court, as it was the only spectacle not of the latter's providing, and is understood not to participate with other brilliant inventions, such as the patent looking-glass, the French wigs, and the Macassar oil, in enjoying the Regent's countenance.

But to the description. The body of this beautiful spectacle, when seen in the air, might be taken by those, who had not previously known to the contrary, for a nobler kind of balloon; only it is in general much rounder as well as larger, and is exceedingly lustrous. Nor does it rise in the same manner, but with a much greater leisureiness, moving to the time and not to the eye, and when it has reached a particular height, appearing suspended there for hours together. This height is infinitely greater than any balloon or rocket can attain to; and while the management of the machine is evidently free from the petty difficulties and annoyances of both, so it comprises all the rest of their beauties in an infinitely greater proportion. The brilliance of the rockets, compared with it, is like that of so many dull tapers scattered about in scorn; and though it does not change it's appearance so rapidly, the alteration like the ascent being imperceptible at any one point of time, yet the change is accompanied by none of the unpleasant noises of the rocket; and the shapes which result, are equally calm, shining, and magnificent. Sometimes it looks like a face and gigantic letter C drawn upon a sapphire ground; at others like the same letter filled up with silver; and at others like what you might suppose to be the face of a goddess, who had just stooped her head out of the sky to give the world a look of pity or smiling comfort. But one of it's grandest appearances is when it comes upon you on a sudden. A clear night is generally preferred for the exhibition, but sometimes a cloudy one is chosen; and then it's ascent perhaps is entirely hidden, till coming upon a place where there is a separation between the clouds, it bursts out in such a manner, as to strike the ground with immense sheets of brightness, bordered, as it happens, with the hard and dusk outline of the houses,—or in country places, with the undulating shadow of hills, or the shifting glimmer of overhanging trees. The effect, if you stand upon an eminence, where you can discern both it's station above and it's shining below, is, on these occasions, magnificent beyond description; but it is more lovely perhaps, when seen entirely from below. We have welcomed it, with great delight, when it has come looking as it were from it's placid distance into our prison windows; for, by the way, since we have been in durance, we have contrived to enjoy more than one or two spectacles of no ordinary description, and among others, have to thank Messrs. Sadler for twice treating us with their balloon, which the last time of exhibition passed directly over our head. A prison, to be sure, is not the place one would absolutely select for such an enjoyment:—we should prefer, for instance, a window-seat over a country garden, when the odours came up freshly, and from which we might get up, if we pleased, and take a stroll down the village walks. But every place has it's merits, if your conscience has his.—What completes the effect of this lovely spectacle, is water.

If the reader would enjoy the spectacle in it's perfection, and can have his own choice of situation, his best way, when he observes it in full shew, is to select the shadiest spot he can find by the side of some pleasant and well-bordered stream, where he can go close down to the water without being annoyed with reeds or plashes. Here, seated perhaps in a garden-chair, while every thing is still about him, except the little hushing waves that come to lay themselves at his feet, he may look up at first, and see it holding it's course through the clear sky, giving him a new pleasure from the sense of contrast between his own shady enclosure and the unbounded expanse through which it is travelling. He may then turn down his eyes to the water, and either see the lustre giving a broad and double light to it's mirror, or discern it broken into separate beams through the leaves of the willow, and stooping tenderly, as it were, to kiss the rippling surface, which like the lips of a virgin at those of a lover to whom she has given up her honouring heart, breaks underneath it into dimples of a tremulous tenderness.

But we shall be getting so Arcadian and poetical, that the reader will think we are no longer writing matters of fact.—This beautiful invention, it is allowed, is not so new as the balloon, or even as the rocket; but when we see the universal reception it continues to meet with from people of taste in all countries, it's antiquity is only a new proof of it's merit. In the more southern countries, where the sky is clearer and more sapphire than with us, it assumes, we are told, the appearance of a direct globe of silver, which must be exquisitely beautiful. That it was known to the ancients, even as far back as the time of Homer, has been fully ascertained by men of learning, especially from that passage at the close of book the 8th, beginning

> Os ê'ot' 'en ourano astra phaeinen amphi seleuen
> Phaineti' ariprepea, &c.

which has been splendidly, though with great diminution of the grand simplicity of the original, translated by Mr. Pope. There are still earlier notices of it in an Eastern production; but they differ so much with the present received opinions on the subject, as very much to have puzzled the commentators.

The mode indeed by which it is displayed, and even the substance of it's composition, still remain a secret. Some suppose it to be formed of common earth, burnished with a preparation of sunshine, and held in the air by a contrivance similar to that by which Mahomet's coffin was said to be suspended between loadstones. Others bring it nearer to the balloon, and affirm that they have even seen *the man in it*, though he differs from other aeronauts by occupying

the body of the machine instead of something attached to it.

With these conjectures we shall not at present trouble ourselves, our only object being to add to the pleasures of our readers by informing them of a spectacle which has given us great delight, and which we think might occasionally divert their eyes for a quarter of an hour or so to at least as much advantage as a Catherine wheel.

☞ Since writing the above, we have discovered that from a cause which has hitherto been unexplained, and which might have been referred to magic at a less enlightened period, this magnificent show is really not visible to all eyes alike, though to those who can discern it, it seems impossible to be overlooked. A friend of mine was walking the other night with a gentleman up Bond-street, while the sight was in full display; and though the latter, to all appearance, had his eyes repeatedly fixed upon it for three or four minutes together, he talked of nothing all the way but the Italian lady, who is at present retaliating with such eclat upon that devouring element, fire. The same person was also expressing his admiration of it the night after to a squire from the country, at which the other, bursting into a loud laugh, and looking in a very strange and vacant manner, asked him if he had never seen a *Green Cheese* before?

CHARACTER OF MR. WORDSWORTH'S NEW POEM, THE EXCURSION.

In power of intellect, in lofty conception, in the depth of feeling, at once simple and sublime, which pervades every part of it, and which gives to every object an almost preternatural and preterhuman interest, this work has seldom been surpassed. If the subject of the Poem had been equal to the genius of the Poet, if the skill with which he has chosen his materials had accorded with the power exerted over them, if the objects (whether persons or things) which he makes use of as the vehicle of his feelings had been such as immediately and irresistibly to convey them in all their force and depth to others, then the production before us would indeed "have proved a monument," as he himself wishes it, worthy of the author, and of his country. Whether, as it is, this most original and powerful performance may not rather remain like one of those stupendous but half-finished structures, which have been suffered to moulder into decay, because the cost and labour attending them exceeded their use or beauty, we feel that it would be presumptuous in us to determine.

The Poem of the *Excursion* resembles the country in which the scene is laid. It has the same vastness and magnificence, with the same nakedness and confusion. It has the same overwhelming, oppressive power. It excites or recalls the same sensations which those who have traversed that wonderful scenery must have felt. We are surrounded with the constant sense and superstitious awe of the collective power of matter, of the gigantic and eternal forms of Nature, on which, from the beginning of time, the hand of man has made no impression. Here are no dotted lines, no hedge-row beauties, no box-tree borders, no gravel walks, no square mechanic enclosures. All is left loose and irregular in the rude chaos of aboriginal nature. The boundaries of hill and valley are the Poet's only geography, where we wander with him incessantly over deep beds of moss and waving fern amidst the troops of red deer and wild animals. Such is the severe simplicity of Mr. Wordsworth's taste, that we doubt whether he would not reject a druidical temple, or time-hallowed ruin, as too modern and artificial for his purpose. He only familiarises himself or his readers with a stone, covered with lichens, which has slept in the same spot of ground from the creation of the world, or with the rocky fissure between two mountains, caused by thunder, or with a cavern scooped out by the sea. His mind is, as it were, coeval with the primary forms of things, holds immediately from nature; and his imagination "owes no allegiance" but "to the elements." *

The *Excursion* may be considered as a philosophical pastoral poem—as a scholastic romance. It is less a poem on the country, than on the love of the country. It is not so much a description of natural objects, as of the feelings associated with them, not an account of the manners of rural life, but the result of the Poet's reflections on it. He does not present the reader with a distinct succession of images or incidents, but paints the outgoings of his own heart, the shapings of his own fancy. He may be said to create his own materials: his thoughts are his real subject. His imagination broods over that which is "without form and void," and "makes it pregnant." He sees all things in his own mind; he contemplates effects in their causes, and passions in their principles. He hardly ever avails himself of striking subjects, or remarkable combinations of events, but in general rejects them as interfering with the workings of his own mind, as disturbing the smooth, deep, majestic current of his own feelings. Thus his descriptions of natural scenery are not brought home distinctly to the naked eye by forms and circumstances, but every object is seen through the medium of innumerable recollections, is clothed with the haze of imagination like a glittering vapour, is obscured with the excess of glory, has the shadowy brightness of a waking dream. The object is lost in the sentiment, as sound in the multiplication of echoes—

> "And visions, as prophetic eyes avow,
> "Hang on each leaf, and cling to every bough."

In describing human nature, Mr. Wordsworth equally shuns the common vantage-grounds of popular story, of striking incident, or fatal catastrophe, as illegitimate or vulgar modes of producing an effect. He scans the human race as the naturalist measures the earth's zone, without attending to the picturesque points of view, the inequalities of surface. He contemplates the passions and habits of men, not in their extremes, but in their first elements, their follies and vices, not at their height, with all their embossed evils and putrid sores, but as lurking in embryo, the seeds of the disorder inwoven with our very constitution. † He only sympathises with those simple forms of feeling, which mingle at once with his own identity, or the stream of general humanity. To him the great and the small are the same; the near and the remote; what appears, and what only is. The common and

* Every one wishes to get rid of the booths and bridges in the Park, in order to have a view of the ground and water again. Our Poet looks at the more lasting and serious works of men as baby-houses and toys, and from the greater elevation of his mind, regards them much in the same light as we do the Regent's Fair, and Mr. Vansittart's "permanent erections."

† "God knew Adam in the elements of his chaos, and saw him in the great obscurity of nothing."—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

the permanent, like the Platonic ideas, are his only realities. All accidental varieties and individual contrasts are lost in an endless continuity of feeling; like drops of water in the ocean-stream! An intense intellectual egotism swallows up every thing. Even the dialogues introduced in the present volume are soliloquies of the same character, taking different views of the subject. The recluse, the pastor, and the pedlar, are three persons in one poet. We ourselves disapprove of these interlocutions between Lucius and Caius as impertinent babbling, where there is no dramatic distinction of character. But the evident scope and tendency of Mr. Wordsworth's mind is the reverse of dramatic. It resists all change of character, all variety of scenery, all the bustle, machinery, and pantomime of the stage, or of real life,—whatever might relieve or relax or change the direction of its own activity, jealous of all competition. The power of his mind preys upon itself. It is as if there were nothing but himself and the universe. He lives in the busy solitude of his own heart; in the deep silence of thought. His imagination lends life and feeling only to "the bare trees and mountains bare;" peoples the viewless tracts of air, and converses with the silent clouds!

[*To be continued.*]

IRISH PEASANTRY.

An Irish feast or fair usually terminates with a fight. It was the same in the time of Swift, for which we have that great wit's own authority:—

"Good lord! what a sight,
"After all their good cheer,
"For people to fight
"In the midst of their beer!
"They rise from their feast,
"And hot are their brains,
"A cubit at least
"The length of their skeans.
"What stabs and what cuts,
"What clatt'ring of sticks!
"What strokes on the guts,
"What bastings and kicks!
"With cudgels of oak,
"Well harden'd in flame,
"An hundred heads broke,
"An hundred struck lame."

Description of an Irish Feast.

The *Dublin Evening Post*, mentioning a late fight of this description, at which three men were shot dead by the military, who were ordered to fire by the Magistrate,—the Rev. V. Griffith,—makes the following remarks:—

"We all know, that an Irish Fair is nothing without a fight; and really, we do not see any mighty danger to the State in these rustic battles. At least, it does not seem well to become the English, who train men to break each others bones, as people rear cocks for the cock-pit—who put human creatures under a course of regimen, in order to qualify for a murder, perhaps, at which the principal Nobility and Gentry assist; it does not well become those admirers of brutal gladiatorship, those lovers of the game, to affect all manner of horror at an affray in an Irish Fair. The English Pugilists fight for gain—the Irish Peasant fights for love. A purse is the object of ambition to the one—glory is all at which the other aims. We shall not take upon us to decide, which motive is the most justifiable and meritorious; neither perhaps; but this we may say, that while boxing is tolerated and patronized in England, it is very hard that cudgelling should not receive a little indulgence in Ireland. It would be better, no doubt, that there should be a general peace, and that the Irish Fair should not be made, as it often is, the scene of tumult and of blood; but sauce for the goose—the proverb is somewhat stale. Now we would beg to know, how a concourse of Noblemen and Gentlemen, Citizens and Countrymen, assembled to witness a pugilistic encounter between the Young Ruffian and the Game Chicken—we should be glad, we say, to know, how they would like to be fired upon by a battalion of soldiers?—how they would like to be charged by a troop of cavalry?—a sight which we have witnessed at a fair in a remote county more than once ourselves. We question very much whether such mode of dispersing a crowd, or of preserving the peace, would be relished by John Bull."

TAXES.

Mr. Examiner,—I should not have troubled you with any reply to the Letter signed "N. N.," contained in your paper of Sunday last under the head of "Solicitors for the Affairs of Taxes," had it not insinuated that I am in some way a participator in the emoluments arising from certain 6*s.* 8*d.* paid by the defaulters for the Solicitor's letters, bearing my signature. On this subject I beg to assure "N. N." he is entirely mistaken. A perusal of the Act of Parliament, referred to in my letters, will answer "N. N.'s" other inquiries, viz. 48 G. III. c. 141. sect. 2. rule 5.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. Reid.

5, Craven-street, Aug. 16, 1814.

Mr. Examiner,—The explanation, which, from my own knowledge, I am enabled to give on the subject of the Letter of "N. N." in your paper of last week, will, I trust, meet the attention of your readers, and thereby prevent many persons, who might otherwise conceive, from a perusal of that letter, that when they happen, inadvertently or otherwise, to be in arrear for Taxes, they are aggrieved by the letter sent to them by the Solicitors for the Affairs of Taxes, who, in strict truth, are not only entitled to the trifling charge made for it, but are at liberty immediately to commence Exchequer process, at ten times the expense. Your Correspondent, "N. N." attributes the non-payment of the Taxes before the time at which the Collector is called on to make his return, in some cases, to the carelessness of servants in not informing their masters of their having been applied for, and in others, *to the supineness of Collectors, who seldom or never call for their money, but return the list of defaulters as soon as it is required of them;* in answer to which, and in justice to the Collectors, it is only necessary to say, that every one knows, or ought to know, when his Taxes become due, and should see that they are paid; that most of the Collectors make a rule of calling three or four times on each person; that it is their almost invariable practice to leave a card at their last time of calling, intimating, that in default of payment, the names of the defaulters must inevitably be returned, (the very course which "N. N." proposes should be adopted); *that the Collector's return of defaulters is accompanied by an affidavit of his having demanded it twice at the house of each person;* that sufficient time is afterwards allowed by the Solicitors for payment of the Taxes, if the Collector's card had been properly attended to; and that, after every other notice has failed of its effect, to avoid, if possible, the necessity of putting the defaulter to the costs and inconvenience of Exchequer process, a letter is written by the Solicitors, urging the necessity for the immediate payment of the arrears, and which, if a Gentleman were really out of town, or had had no previous knowledge of the former applications, would be the most efficacious method of communicating it to him, as the letter would unquestionably be forwarded to him; and on the other hand, as to those who have at all times a disinclination to pay any thing until they are compelled, this mode of application shews them that the payment can be no longer prudently delayed.—After what has been now said, it surely cannot be contended that sufficient opportunity is not afforded to the public of avoiding the trifling expence of this letter, which, as has been before observed, is not a tenth part of what would

certainly be prematurely incurred, if compulsory measures were resorted to in the first instance.—I have now to apologize for taking up so much of your paper; and am, Sir, yours, &c.

Aug. 16, 1814. A COMMISSIONER OF TAXES.

A VERY HEARTY DINNER.

MR. EXAMINER,—I wish that some competent person would take the trouble, and through the medium of your Paper, to point out the pernicious consequences which must follow the practice of indulging in what is termed "A very hearty Dinner." In your last week's paper I see that Lady Manners suddenly dropped down and died, after a dinner of this description; and though it is certainly possible that her Ladyship's death might have been owing to some other cause, yet it appears to me every way probable that it was the chief one which led to the melancholy catastrophe.

As far, Sir, as my experience goes, I am decidedly of opinion that these *very* hearty doings are very sad things, and I cannot but think that though they may not very often terminate in sudden death, they must certainly contribute to make life of little value, by engendering all sorts of diseases. It can hardly be doubted, I believe, that the generality of persons,—at least in those classes which can afford to keep even a tolerable table,—indulge too much in the gratification of their appetites. To eat of a variety of food is unquestionably an unwholesome practice, though a very common one; but when an undue quantity is added to that variety, the organs of digestion become of course clogged, and all the horrors of indigestion follow,—uneasy bodily sensations of various kinds, sleepless nights, low-spirited days, apoplexy, death!—Different constitutions will of course suffer in different degrees; but I think it may be safely affirmed, that a habit of indulging in what are so absurdly called "the pleasures of the table," is sure to rob the indulgers of a considerable portion of health, and consequently of happiness. As far as a general rule can be useful in such matters, it appears to me that the one which directs every person to rise from table with an inclination to eat more, is that which it may be best to follow. It would be better perhaps for persons who have not very powerful digestions, to abstain from drinking wine (at least of the strength usually drank in this country) *at* their dinner, as it certainly operates to prevent the food from undergoing the necessary change. A glass or two after dinner may possibly be taken with safety, as a gratification; for let no one in health imagine that such an indulgence is at all necessary to a sound state of body. Many among the lower classes too, have got it into their heads that large draughts of Porter are requisite to keep them in strength. This belief, I am informed, is a most pernicious one; and I have been assured, that if they were to devote the money which this mysterious mixture costs them, to the purchase of good bread and wholesome meat, they would find themselves infinitely better qualified to pursue their labours, however hard and forbidding. It was the opinion of a man, who had been poor himself, who had mixed a good deal with hard-working people, and who may indeed be considered as the philosopher of the lower orders,—Dr. Franklin,—that one penny-worth of bread contained more nourishment than a pot of porter.

This, it may be said, is a common subject, very well understood. Common it certainly is, but not, I think, sufficiently comprehended by the many. And I repeat, that some hints from a competent pen would in my opinion be eminently useful, through the popular medium of a newspaper.—Yours, &c.

Aug. 16, 1814. C. S.

ARE THE ENGLISH A MUSICAL PEOPLE?

MR. EXAMINER,—Though I agree with *Musicus* (in his Letter to you of Sunday last, May 29), "that the English are a Musical People, yet I doubt not the proofs he brings forward to substantiate his propositions do not appear less absurd to you than they do to myself. Indeed, Sir, upon the first perusal of his Letter, I could hardly persuade myself that you had not broken through your excellent rule of excluding puffs and advertisements from your Journal; but upon further reflection, independent of a reliance on your integrity, it appeared improbable that such respectable and well established houses as Broadwood's, or Flight and Robson's, would club together to puff their Instruments, more especially as the goodness of them precludes the necessity of such low artifices. The inference "that we are Musical," because the above gentlemen make good Instruments, appears to resemble

"The man who kills fat oxen must himself be fat."

Without attending *Musicus* to the Court of Common Pleas, to Old Drury, and Covent-Garden, and thence to the West Riding of Yorkshire—without any consideration of the melancholy effects of Music upon poor Sale, or of the War in Germany, and the patriotic Concerts, allow me to offer to your notice two or three points, which I think tend to prove "that the English have been, and are at present, a Musical People."

Peacham, in his Compleat Gentleman, requires him "to sing his part sure, and *at the first sight*, and withal to play the same on the viol or lute."—Maister Thomas Morley, in his "Introduction to Practicall Musicke, 1595," puts the following words into the mouth of Philomathes:—"But supper being ended, and musicke bookes, *according to the custome*, being brought to the table, the mistresse of the house presented mee with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, everie one began to wonder, yea some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up," &c.

It is moreover clear, that Music was formerly so well known and practised in England, that a Lute or Cittern was part of the common furniture of a barber's shop, and that upon this instrument it was usual for the waiting customers to amuse themselves till their turn came. John Bennett, Wm. Bird, John Farmer, Orlando Gibbons, Henry Lawes, John Milton, the poet's father (a money-scrivener), John Dowland, celebrated by William Shakspeare, not to mention the inimitable Purcell, are but a small proportion (from 1580 to 1690) of those who, by their splendid talents, have contributed to render this country not inferior to Italy, with the great Prenestini in its front, in point of vocal, the highest class of composition. I believe I may add with truth, that some of the pieces in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, by Maisters John Bull and William Bird, are no very easy exercises for our modern Professors, notwithstanding the improvements in Instrumental Music, and the many additional helps it has received of late.

Now, Sir, as to the present state of Music: Is not every Miss, from the highest rank down to the daughter of the useful and respectable shopkeeper, taught to sing and play on some instrument or other? You can hardly enter a house throughout the country wherein the eye is not caught by some of the accessories of a musical education. Performers, both Vocal and Instrumental, we have, better native than foreign. I mean nothing invidious, but I think you, Sir, will allow, that even the Catalani cannot vie with the English Billington. We have a Battleman, a Stephens, the Vaughans, &c. &c. Then Instrumental—a long list,—I only name Samuel Wesley, Crotch, Novello, Crosdill, Ludley, and, but for his lamented excesses, we should have had to boast of a Pinto, whose talents, at an early period of his life, would have been an ornament to any country.—Composers we yet possess; besides Wesley, Crotch, and Novello, have we not Webbe, Callcott, Robert Cooke, Horsley, &c. &c. Compare the number of Concerts now given with the number 50 years ago, and say the increase? Does not this bespeak an increased appetite in the English Public for Music of some kind or other?—The fact is, that the present musical state of the country is in a most depraved and vitiated state, and to this must be imputed the "empty benches."—Whence it arises it would be no difficult matter to trace. I shall only hint, that when the generality of the Professors, who have the instruction of British youth,—and I am sorry to observe that a great part of them are Foreigners,—are so solicitous to impart to them a knowledge of *harmony* as to give them rapidity of finger, a great and decisive blow will be struck at the root of the evil, and the Profession will again rise to that eminence which it ought to enjoy. TALLIS'S GHOST.

Stamford-street, May 30, 1814.

BOXING, &c.

Mr. Examiner,—It is offensive to all persons of delicacy to see whole columns of our newspapers occupied with the low slang and disgusting details of boxing matches. Foreigners must certainly conclude it to be a subject of the first importance, by the publicity given to it.—Boxing ought never to be connived at, or permitted, unless it can be proved to have some useful tendency;—in which case, it ought to be generally encouraged and practised. Those who attend boxing matches do not reason on the subject, but merely go, as to a horse-race or cock fight, for the purpose of betting money. Perhaps there cannot be found worse specimens of human nature than those assembled on such occasions.

Cock-fighting is a contemptible and cruel amusement; but how much more so is it to hire two fellow-creatures, and coolly stand by, and encourage them to beat and bruise each other, till the "human face divine" is converted into an object of horror and disgust, at which humanity shudders? The man who but just before was standing erect in all the pride of strength, like the "mighty warrior of the race of Fingal," brought by long training to the highest possible state of bodily perfection, is in one half hour laid prostrate, fainting with agony, and carried away to languish on a sick bed for months, perhaps to rise from it no more! Yet this brutal practice has its advocates; it has even been asserted that bull-baiting was of use, to preserve the English character from degenerating, and becoming effeminate!

There is nothing too absurd not to have its advocates, particularly if it has the sanction of long custom and antiquity. Success in boxing is no proof of superior strength or courage; a man initiated in the science will always beat one that is ignorant of it. Experience has shewn, that nations who know nothing of boxing are quite as brave in the field of battle as those who have been accustomed to a practice which is worse than useless, and a national disgrace.—During the late crowds, every shed exhibited some brutal contest, encouraged by the surrounding mob, and many were the bloody noses and black eyes received, when peace ought to have been the order of the day.

A Constant Reader.

POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

On Friday, *Paul Calow*, a tailor, of Arundel-street, Strand, was charged with assaulting and ill-treating Peter M'Donald, his apprentice, sixteen years of age. The boy stated that he had been held by his mistress while his master kicked and beat him: his forehead had been cut open, and he said he was severely bruised in other parts of his body; and that this ill-treatment was inflicted by three or four pieces of small cane, with which his master struck him so often, that he had disengaged himself from him by escaping out of the first-floor window.—This statement was confirmed by some of the neighbours, one of whom stated that the neighbourhood was frequently disturbed by the cries of the boy, occasioned by the ill-treatment of his master; and on the late occasion his exclamation of murder was so great that near two hundred people assembled about the house. The mother of the boy and his father-in-law attended, and appeared respectable people. The master's defence was, that he had not made a pair of pantaloons properly, and that he staid out very late on the jubilee night. The boy admitted he staid out late on the jubilee night, but stated that his master had not limited him to the hour.

The Magistrate would not allow that any thing stated was a justification of the treatment of the apprentice. If he had not done his work properly, it was his business to instruct him; and if he acted improperly, he was not to take the law into his own hands, and treat him with violence. On the Magistrate looking into the indenture, he discovered it to be signed by General Calvert, the Adjutant-General, and that the boy having been apprenticed from the Military School (his father having been in the army for 26 years), he said he should inform General Calvert of the circumstance, as he thought this a proper case for Quarter Sessions. As Mr. Calow was a housekeeper, paying a rent of *Col.* a year, he would take his own recognizance to appear at next Westminster Sessions, to answer the complaint of the boy; his own bail was accordingly taken in the sum of 40*l.*

A boy only twelve years of age was charged with endeavouring to murder his mother, who stated that he had frequently thrown dangerous things at her, and threatened to cut her throat, and she considered her life in danger from him. The Magistrate asked him if he had learnt the ten commandments, &c. he admitted that he had been to school, but appeared totally ignorant. The Magistrate's admonition, and the fear of going to prison, and eventually being hanged, made him weep; and the mother appearing inclined to forgive him, the Magistrate made him kneel and beg her pardon in the office. The Magistrate ordered him back to the person in whose employ he was.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

About four o'clock on Wednesday morning, some villains entered the Vestry of Paddington Church, and took away two large deal chests, containing the parish records, accounts, and plate, &c. As soon as the robbery was discovered the parish officers gave information at Bow-street, stating that they were anxious to recover the papers, which consisted of the parish records for the last three hundred years, and which could not be re-placed. The Magistrate, from the circumstances, suspected the thieves were not persons of experience in their profession, and dispatched an officer to trace them. On going to the spot he found that they had entered the Vestry-room with a skeleton-key; he also traced them from place to place till he discovered the lost treasure in an out-house, near the church. The chest had been opened, and the thieves deceived by the glittering appearance of the cups and plates, which were only plated. The records were restored to the parish-officers.

BIRTH.

A few days since, Mrs. John Arnett, of Queen's-row, Walworth, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

Yesterday, at Hackney, Mr. James Heygate, second son of James Heygate, Esq. to Miss Anne Muskwurde, of Upper Clapton.

DEATHS.

On Monday, at Brompton Crescent, in her 25th year, Harriet, eldest daughter of John Emblanque, Esq.

Sunday se'nnight, suddenly, John Scagram, Esq. M.D. of Westminster, aged 70.

Monday se'nnight, at Clifton, after a long illness, Mrs. Benson, widow of Mr. Benson, formerly of Drury-lane Theatre, and sister of Mrs. Stephen Kemble.

On Friday week, at Deyston, Gloucestershire, Miss West, daughter of Mr. West, miller: she retired to rest in perfect health, rose in the night to attend one of the family who was poorly, and in the morning was discovered a corpse.

At Cheltenham, aged 51, the Hon. Mrs. Walpole, widow of the late Col. Walpole, and sister to the Earl of Pawis.

On the 5th inst. at Brighthelmstone, aged 44, James Jackson, Esq. late his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America.

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